

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Days and Sales and Dances Are All the Topics Which Nancy Wynne Discusses Today. All Prove of Interest

Plans go on apace for the Jefferson Hospital rummage sale to be held during the week of April 2. The sale will be held in the Hale Building, Juniper Street, which has been donated for this occasion. Prominent matrons are in charge of the various departments of the sale.

Invitations have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Winton Ball, of 137 East Johnson street, Germantown, for a dance on March 22 at the Casino in honor of their small son, Master Mark Edwin Ball.

The marriage of Miss Mary Billings Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Vark Rose, of 622 West Hittenhouse street, Germantown, to Mr. Philip Haviland Brockleby will take place on April 2 at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. James De Wolf Perry will officiate.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roberts, of 615 Lincoln drive, Germantown, are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wilson Smith, of 28 Dudley avenue, Lansdowne, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Frederick Wilson Smith, Jr.

Mrs. Irene Moore, 1929 Chestnut street, will leave town today for a visit in Daytona, Fla., where she will stay for a few weeks.

Mr. Benjamin F. Riley, of Chester, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Sarah S. Riley, to Mr. J. William Simmons, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Simmons, of 1314 South Broad street; and of his daughter, Miss Eva Riley, to Mr. Frank Foster Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Davis, of Wallingford, Pa.

The second annual dinner-dance of the Phi Delta Kappa fraternity will be given tonight in the Arcadia, Widener Building. More than 150 persons, including the members and their guests, are expected to be present.

Among those who will be present are Mr. William E. Amisler, Mr. Walter Z. Adamson, Mr. Harry W. Buchanan, Mr. James E. Ball, Mr. Ralph S. Charlton, Mr. Harvey E. Clippinger, Mr. Clarence A. Hutton, Mr. J. M. Miller, Mr. Frank D. McCallister, Mr. LeRoy Riley, Mr. J. Earle Schrurer, Mr. E. Stuart Stewart, Mr. Corwin B. Taylor, and Mr. Gilbert M. Van Hoesen. Miss Elsie V. Wilson, Miss Anna K. Golden, Miss Ethel M. Horner, Mrs. James B. Ball, Miss Irene Hecker, Miss Jayne T. Grove, Miss Anna F. Adams, Miss Eleanor M. Conner, Miss M. C. Shortland, Miss Marion Boyd, Miss Grace C. Jones, Miss Jeanne G. Kelley, Miss Adelaide Nacrede, Miss Elsie A. Butz and Miss Alberta DeLong.

YOU'LL have to wait until Wednesday night for the promised surprises of Edward Shelley's farce, "The Family Tree," the first presentation of which has been postponed until that date. With the Metropolitan on Tuesday and new plays scheduled for Monday evening, the change was thought to be a wise one. A brilliant first night of "The Family Tree" is assured, as representation of the Sons of the Revolution, the Federal Dames of America, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars will be present. Besides, there will be numerous leaders of the musical and artistic set, and Mme. Virginia White, whose triumphs are still fresh in the minds of Philadelphians, will supply a box with a party of musical specialties, who will come from New York especially for the occasion. Rumors that "The Family Tree" may turn out to be a family skeleton are rife, and everybody is anxious to be present at the premiere.

MRS. SCOTT tells me she is going to give a special Supper Club dance on April 14, to which members of both series of the Supper Club will be invited. There are to be special dancers and favors, my children, for the guests. Mrs. Scott shows just how to do these things, so the thinking will have a great time. Last Saturday was fine, so many people were there. Though this will not be the last dancing of the Supper Club, it seems best to have the special dance during the week holidays; for what with Mask and other theatrical parties, there will be many club members who will be anxious to take parties over to the club. The dance will be held in the Rose Gardens entirely this series, and seems even more attractive than when in the ballroom. A number of next year deb parties are already being planned for that night, which will be a pretty much of a younger set dance.

NANCY WYNNE.

Persons

Mr. and Mrs. Tristram C. Colket, of Bryn Mawr, entertained at dinner last night. Following the dinner were twelve guests. Mrs. Colket entertained the bridge club of which she is a member at her home in Bryn Mawr on Thursday. Among those present were Mrs. Kane S. Green, Mrs. Richard P. Colket, Mrs. Norman K. Conderman, Mrs. J. H. Filler, Mrs. Richard E. Norton, Mrs. Derrill P. Judd, Mrs. H. Allen Dalley, Mrs. Matthew Baird, Jr., Mrs. Fred P. Kenney, Miss Anna Foulke and Miss Ethel M. Howard.

Miss Eva Zoblinski, chairman of the entertainment committee, has arranged a special program for the evening. Among those who will participate at the concert are Mr. Joseph Young, Mr. William Jacobs, vocal solo; Mr. Herbert Maser and Mr. J. W. Duttin, piano solos; Mr. Bob Finstein, Mr. Barney D. Barron, vocal solos; Mr. Edwin A. Clinch, recitation; Mr. Nathan Hoffman, vocal solo; Mr. Harold H. Felser, recitation; Mr. Harry A. Paskal, vocal solo; Mr. Al. Vade, monologue, and Mr. Herbert Polin, vocal solo.

One of the special numbers of the evening will be an exhibition dance. The concert will begin at 8:30 and there will be dancing from 11:20 until 3 o'clock.

The proceeds of this affair will be utilized together with other money for the maintenance of a hospital to be built in Philadelphia for the treatment of cancer patients suffering from tuberculosis. Mr. Harry Glassman, Mr. Herman Weiss, Mr. Louis Glassman, Mr. Harry Finkle, Mr. Nathaniel Goldberger, Mr. Meyer B. Soules, Mr. J. H. Goldberger, Miss Eva Zoblinski, Miss Sadie Cherry, Miss Anna Barnett, Miss Ethel Zoblinski, Miss Reba Burd, Miss Sophia Salsow are all helping to make the affair a success with the aid of many more members of the auxiliary.

Camden Charity Ball

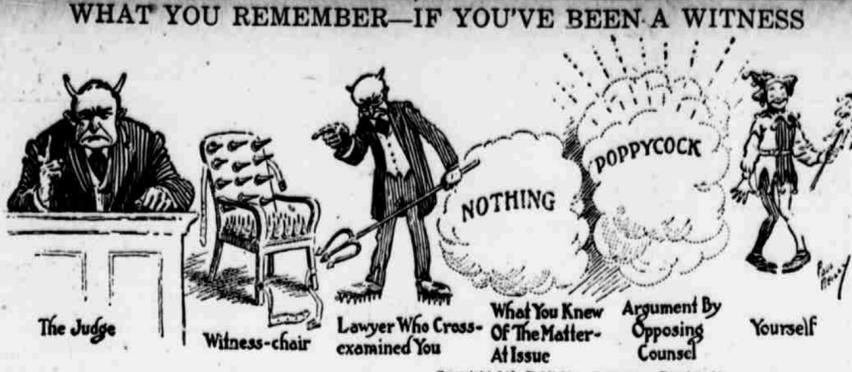
The Annual Charity Ball in Camden, which has been discontinued for the last few years, promises to become a fixed event in the future. Mr. Paul V. A. Comey, Mr. R. Wayne Kraft, Mr. Frank T. Lloyd, Mr. J. Bayard R. Kraft, Mr. Robert C. Lippon, Mr. Clayton S. Stewart and Mr. C. Raymond Wickes, prominent young society men of Camden and vicinity, have organized themselves into "The Octovivator" for the purpose of giving an annual dance for the benefit of some Camden County charitable organization. They have issued invitations for the first dance, which will be held in Morgan's Hall, Camden, on the evening of April 16, at the West Jersey Meopathic Hospital. The dance will be attended by the young society folk of Camden, Collingswood, Haddonfield, Haddon Heights, Merchantville, Moorestown, Riverdale, Woonan and Woodbury. The following women prominent in South Jersey society life will be the patronesses: Mrs. F. Morris Archer, Mrs. Albert W. Atkinson, Mrs. Charles S. Boyer, Mrs. Leon G. Buckwalter, Mrs. F. Polk, according to their own words, marked the graves with tombstones as down in the Abyss, and at night they wailed and chanted there under the bright or misty moon; and day by day the number of graves increased till more than twenty crowded the cliff.

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THE book that followed was one of terrible labor, vigil and responsibility for Stern. Not yet recovered from his wounds nor fully rested from his flight before the Horde—now forever happily wiped out—the man nevertheless plunged with untiring energy into the stupendous tasks before him. He was at once the life, the brain, the inspiration of the colony. Without him all must have perished. In the hollow of his hand he held them, every one; and he alone who wrought some means of reconstruction in the smitten settlement.



THE AFTERGLOW. A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion." By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued)

THE riflemen, meanwhile, were steadily potting such of the little demons as still were crawling up or down the cliffside opposite. Surely, relentlessly, they shot the invaders down. And, even as Stern watched, the enemy melted and vanished before his eyes.

Allan was thinking. "What may this not result in?" he wondered as he observed the swift and angry lead of the forest-fire to northward. It may ravage thousands of square miles before rain puts an end to it. It may devastate the whole country. A change in the wind may even drive it back on us, across the river, sweeping all before it. This may mean ruin!

He paused a moment, then said aloud: "Ruin, perhaps. Yes; but the alternative was death! There was no other way!"

Now none of the attackers remained save a few feebly twitching, writhing and limp creatures. The rest had been blown here and there, and like the rest was borne away down stream.

Through the heated air already verberated a strange roar as the forest fire leaped up the opposite hillside in one clear lick of incandescence. The roar summed through the heavens and trembled over the long reaches of the river.

The fire jumped a little valley and took the second hill, burning as clear as any furnace, with a swift upward slant as the wind fanned it forward, leaving a dry brush and among the caved palms.

Now and then, with a muffled explosion, a sap-filled palm burst. Here, or yonder, some brighter flash showed where the fire had run at one clear leap right to the rounded top of a fern tree.

Firebrands and drykies, caught up by the swirl, whirled through the air, and fell far in advance of the main fire army, each outpost colonizing into swift destruction.

Already the nearer portion of the opposite cliff edge was barren and smoking. "Sooner or later life as a broom might sweep an anthill," thought the man, whose eyes obscured the sky.

The air flew thick with brands, live coals and flaring bits of bark, all whirling aloft on the breath of the fire demon. Showers of burning twigs were sown broadcast by the restless winds.

Stern, unexpectably saddened in spite of victory by this wholesale destruction of forest, fruit and game, turned away from the magnificent, too terrifying spectacle.

He left his riflemen staring at it, amazed and dumb with silence by the splendor of the flame tempest, which they watched through their eyeshields in absolute astonishment.

Back to Cliff Villa he returned, his step heavy and his heart like lead. In a few brief hours, how great, how terrible, how devastating the changes that had come upon Settlement Cliff!

Attacks, destruction, pestilence and flame had all worked their will there; and many a dream, a plan, a hope now lay in ashes, even like those smoldering cinder piles along the river—those pyres that marked the death of the hateful, venomous, inhuman horde!

Numb with exhaustion and emotions, he staggered up the path, knocked and was admitted to his home by the old nurse.

He heard the crying of his son, vigorously protesting against some infant grievance, and his tired heart yearned with strong father love.

"A hard world, boy," thought he. "A hard fight, all the way through. God grant you come to take the burden and the shock, I may have been able to lighten both for you!"

"O master! Is the fighting past?" "It is past and done, Gesarfan. That's the least, will never come again. But tell me, what caused the boy to cry?" "He is hungry, master. And I—I do not know the way to milk the strange animal!"

Despite his exhaustion, pain and dour forebodings, Allan had to smile a second. "That's one thing you've got to learn, old mother!" he exclaimed. "I'll milk presently. But not just yet!"

For first of all he must see Beatrice again. The boy must cry a bit till he had seen her!

To the bed he hastened and beside it he fell on his knees. His eager eyes devoured the girl's face; his trembling hand sought her brow.

Then a glad cry broke from his lips. Her face no longer burned with fever, and her pulse was slower now. A profuse and saving perspiration told him the crisis had been passed.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he breathed from his inmost soul. In his arms he caught her. He drew her to his breast.

And even in that hour of confusion and distress he knew the greatest joy of life was his.

CHAPTER XXIX

Allan's Narrative

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